

1600/1071.

THE
WOMAN'S MAN.
A
POEM.

*Women were born to be controul'd,
Stoop to the Forward, and the Bold;
Affect the Haughty, and the Proud,
The Gay, the Frolick, and the Loud.*

WALLER.



L O N D O N:

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TO THE
PRETTY FELLOWS,
AND
RAKES of the TOWN.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following Poem, which is designed for your Benefit and Instruction, can be address'd to No-body so properly as to yourselves. It treats about those Commodities you chiefly deal in; it teaches you how to come at them; and I was once going to have taken for my Motto the following Lines, with which the famous Ovid begins his Poem called *De Arte Amandi*.

*Si quis in hoc artem populo non novit amandi,
Me legat, & lecto carmine doctus amet.
Arte citæ veloque rates remoque reguntur;
Arte leves Currus; Arte regendus Amor.*

But I considered that a great many of you do not understand Latin: Upon second Thoughts therefore I have taken for my
Motto

Motto those celebrated Lines of Mr. Waller, which give us the true Character of Women; and you may, if you please, look upon my whole Poem, to be a sort of Paraphrase upon Mr. Waller's Text.

I am sensible every Thing may be taken by two Handles; and it is not impossible, but a few ill-natured People may endeavour to persuade you from some Parts in this Poem, where I use the Freedom of a Brother, and speak of you with a pretty deal of Liberty, that I really designed it as a Satire upon you; and to teach the Ladies how to resist, by shewing them in what Manner you commonly make your Attacks, and enter their Breeches; and that by reading this Poem a Woman may be enabled not only to smother you, but even to blow you quite up, before you can get to her Cover'd Way.

This would indeed be a heavy Charge against me, if it was true; This would be playing the Part of a False Brother with a witness: But I hope, Gentlemen, you will suffer no such groundless Insinuations to have any Weight with you. I trust, that the Purity of my Intentions will appear from the Lusciousness of my Verses; which I will venture to affirm in many Places of this excellent little Piece, are extreamly well adapted to the Subject they treat of.

I once more assure you, that this Poem was composed entirely for your Service, and beg leave to subscribe myself, Gentlemen,

Your most affectionate Brother,

and most faithful humble Servant.





T H E
W O M A N ' s M A N .



O win the Fair, whom most the Fair approve,
I sing——Assist you wanton Gods of Love!
Who fills each Female Breast with soft
Alarms,

Who charms each Fair One, whom each Fair
One charms.

An elevated Stride, a stately Port,
Strong active Limbs, a well-made Trunk sup-
port,

A Person fram'd with every manly Grace,
Strength in his Limbs, and Beauty in his Face.

Beauty and Vigour join'd, the Fair admire,
Both made to raise and satisfy Desire.

A bold assuming Front, a haughty Air,
Distinguish still the *Favourites* of the Fair.

He must not be a downright Fool, nor yet
Is't requisite he should be quite a Wit.

A talking Fool the Ladies may divert;
But Noise alone can never charm the Heart :

B

He

He may to darling *Pug* a Rival prove,
 Or rob poor *Shock* of some small Share of Love;
 But *Shock* still tastes the more substantial Bliss,
 Smiles on her *Fop*, on *Shock* she show's her Kisses.

No Man of Sense the Modern *Belle* affects,
 Because his Knowledge upbraids her Defects.

But One who is not quite a Wit or Fool,
 Whose Tongue is too censorious to be dull;
 Scandal with them will pass for pointed Satire,
 Who'll please the Fair, must satiate their Ill-nature,

To *Cloe* present you her Charms may tell,
 But 'tis Ill-bred to praise an absent *Belle*:
 With sprightly Nonsense, and well-dress'd Obscene,
 If Fair without, no Matter what's within,
 You never fail the Modern *Belle* to win.

So *Drury's* Nymphs by tawdry Cloaths and Paint,
 Conceal th'Infectious dire Venereal taint,
 T'attract th'advent'rous Rake and Midnight Beau
 Into their Arms, where clasp'd they won't forego
 A Moment's Transport for an Age of Woe.

Promiscuously who Sense and Nonsense strains,
 Like *Dryden's* Head when fill'd with *D'Urfy's* Brains:
 Can write a Song, or sing an Opera Air,
 Has Charms for ever fatal to the Fair.

Indulgent Nature does these Blessings give,
 The rest you from my Precepts may receive.

Ne'er aim at first the fair Coquet to please,
 Begin but low, and triumph by degrees:
 A Wrestler must overcome a boist'rous Clown,
 'Fore he'll engage a *Milo* of the Town.

Still let the Coquet be your last resource,
 There try Love's greatest Eloquence and Force:
 No whining Talk, but with a dauntless Air,
 With Noise and Impudence attack the Fair.
 Embolden'd by your former Conquests go,
 And sacrifice them all to please the Foe:

Send



Send Fame before, and follow dire imbru'd
With female Tears, and hymeneal Blood.

Yet all perhaps may fail; the female Brave
To Conquest us'd, brooks ill to be a Slave.

Cæsar had conquer'd all the World beside,
'Fore he his Force against *Britannia* try'd;
Yet then he found his Conquest dearly bought,
Though the whole World against an Island fought.

She'll try all Arts to bring you to her lure,
And seem your Slave to make you more secure;
Soft am'rous Looks, warm Squeezes, wanton Smiles,
And all th'exhaustless Fund of female Wiles:

The artful Coquet never fails to use,
To charm Mankind, and when they're charm'd abuse.

If by such Arts the Fair has fir'd your Heart,
And just begins her Tyranny t'exert;

To use as such the Slave she has o'ercome,
Ne'er strive by cringing to revoke your Doom.

Don't give her Cause t'exult in your Despair,
But instantly address some other Fair:

Seem charm'd with ev'ry Thing she does or says,
And let her Talk, tho' dull, be still your Praise:

Your former Mistress view with cold Respect,
With distant Looks, and mannerly Neglect.

Ben't rais'd by Smiles, nor let her Frowns depress,
Her Frowns han't pow'r to kill, nor Smiles to bless.

But let the Other's talk seem Bliss t'inspire,
'Twill pique her Pride, and raise the latent Fire.

What dreadful Phantoms, Gods! will fill her Head,
She'll think her Beauties spent, her Charms decay'd,

And fear to die a scorn'd, a slighted Maid.

She'll have recourse to ev'ry female Art,
And give her own, so she regain your Heart;

Vanquish'd at last she'll yield her heav'nly Charms,
And in ecstatic Raptures fill your Arms.

The *Coquet* won, now her reverse the *Prude*,
 Who rather than be thought so, would be lewd;
 Who by cold Looks conceals the Fire within,
 And dreads the *Scandal*, tho' she hugs the *Sin*.

If you can be an Hypocrite with ease,
 By imitating *Her*, attempt to please:
 Like her, rail at the Vices of the Age,
 The Wit obscene, and Bawdry of the Stage;
 But yet be sure to dart your Satire most
 On some affected, flutt'ring, reigning Toast;
 Whose Pride's to be environ'd round with Men,
 Who risques her Honour, so she Conquests gain:
 Wits, Cits, and empty Fops, promiscuous Croud,
 She's not of *Men*, but of the *Number* proud.

Each strives t'excel in Impudence and Noise,
 In Threadbare, Fulsome, Flattery and Lies;
 The Goddess smiles, and Wanton rolls her Eyes.
 Without a Blush their filthy Jest she hears,
 Jest too obscene for chaste and modest Ears;
 With each she's pleas'd, and each may Favours boast,
 And glory in her Reputation lost.

If thus she acts before a talking Town,
 When with her youthful Lover left alone,
 When Time and Opportunity conspire
 T'increase the Bliss, and fan the raging Fire:
 Fore such prevailing Charms her Virtue flies,
 And she in Floods of Lust expiring lies.

Next tell how *Lady Rampant*, in her need
 Keeps lusty Stallions, of th' *Hibernian* breed;
 Charm'd with each brawny Back, and brazen Face,
 Who with more Vigour fill his Lordship's place.

Next rail against the Coxcombs of the Town,
 Ungrateful Fops! that boast of Conquests won;
 Who of their Treachery to the Fair are proud,
 And vainly make their boast of being lewd;

They'll

They'll poorly flatter, if the Nymph's unkind,
 Servilely cringe, and sue to change her Mind :
 If conquer'd by these Arts she yields her Charms,
 They'll blast her Virtue, then forsake her Arms :
 'Mongst Coxcombs like themselves traduce her Fame,
 And impudently glory in her Shame.

Thus you must talk, then sigh, and look demure,
 And dart an am'rous, wanton Glance at her :
 Then the Discourse resume, and thus begin,
 But Love kept secret surely is no Sin :
 And Men of so much Honour you may find,
 Who'll be to Virtue, and to Pleasure, kind ;
 With whom Love's Joys securely you may prove,
 And keep your Virtue, yet indulge your Love.

Charm'd with your Talk, the fair less Coy you'll find,
 Your Sentiments agreeing with her Mind ;
 She'll throw off ev'ry Covering of Sin,
 And shew the Tumults of her Soul within ;
 Shew her warm Wishes, and her loose Desires,
 And eager yield to all your Love requires.

If you attack a Girl just come to Town,
 With all the Force of Nature beat her down ;
 Pure Nature oft will with the Fair prevail,
 When Railing, Flattery, Noise and Nonsense, fail.
 Strive to relate what Bliss the Nymph must prove,
 That fearless feasts on all the Joys of Love :
 With some dear Youth, clasp'd in those manly Arms,
 Each fill'd with Love, each circled round with Charms ;
 Their Arms around each Other's Waiste entwined,
 While Cheeks press Cheeks, or Lips to Lips are join'd ;
 'Gainst his, her heaving Breast by starts does move,
 Sighs follow Sighs, the Eloquence of Love.
 Eager for Joy, the Nymph transported lies,
 Less brightly shine those rolling Orbs, her Eyes :
 Kind Nature beats a Pulse in ev'ry part,
 And Floods of Bliss come pouring from the Heart.

Impetuous Joy in balmy Currents rolls,
 And mingles both their Bodies and their Souls.
 Then quite o'ertome with such Excefs of Joy,
 Expiring in each other's Arms they lie,
 And feel Heav'n's greateft Transports as they die.

With fuch warm Talk, attempt the Fair to win,
 Scale you without, and Nature storms within.
 Nature 'fore which Honour and Virtue fly,
 Religion, Fame, and Reputation die.
 All-powerful Nature feldom is deny'd,
 By *Honour*, or its mighty Guardian *Pride*:
 But lulls the Nymph's feverer Thoughts to reft,
 And warms the foft Ideas in her Breaft;
 In ev'ry part it lights the pleasing Fire,
 Melts down each Thought to Fondnefs and Defire;
 In ev'ry Vein, Love beats his foft Alarms;
 The Nymph unable to refift fuch Charms,
 Rejects the harfter Precepts of her Mind,
 And longs to tafte the Blifs that you've defin'd.

If this fhould fail, there yet remains an Art,
 With which you oft may gain the Fair One's Heart;
 The Nymph not yet experienc'd in the Town,
 By the meer Dint of *Impudence* is won:

Around her heaving Breasts your Hands may rove,
 Or ev'n attempt the Cittadel of Love:
 Be never dafh'd, but ftill go boldly on,
 With Impudence purfue what Impudence began:
 A Female ftill obferves with piercing Eyes,
 And acts as ſhe perceives our Paſſions riſe:
 If you look dafh'd, 'twill damp her riſing Fires,
 And give a ſilent Check to her Defires;
 But if with ſtrong Affurance you purfue,
 She catches ſoon an equal Share from you;
 Strive by conſummate Impudence to pleaſe,
 And ſooth her Frailty with ſuch Words as theſe.

You're

You're form'd to give, and should receive Delight ;
Can one so *Charming* be so *Unpolite* !

The *fashionable Belles* and *Toasts* at Court,
('Tis all the Mode) in am'rous Raptures sport,
There sprightly *Beaux* enjoy the yielding Fair,
And all are blest, for *Fashion* governs there.

Should I be private with a courtly Dame,
And not Address her thus, 'twould mar my Fame ;
She'd call me an unfashionable Fool,
And think me either *Impotent*, or *Dull*.

The *Country Belle* now apes the *Courtly Toast*,
She'll be in Fashion whatsoe'er it cost ;
She'll blush to think that she's not in the *Mode*,
By every Female worshipp'd as their God ;
To *Fashion*, Virtue soon will quit the Field,
And out of downright *Modesty* she'll yield.

Would you each Female Breast with Love inspire,
Before t'affect the Form they most admire.

If *Pride*'s the darling Passion of the Fair,
With *Pride* the greatness of your Love declare :
Seem conscious of your Worth, while hers you praise,
Pull down her *Pride*, and you'll her *Passion* raise.
Should you some *fashionable Belle* address,
Still to her *Fancy* you must suit your *Dress*.
What Crouds of Nymphs are smit by empty *Beaux*,
Their *Talk* as superficial as their *Cloaths*.

If she love Acts of Heroes to rehearse,
Straightways address her in *Miltonick Verse*.
If *vain*, by greater *Vanity* she's won,
Then boast what Crouds of Virgins you've undone ;
Seem still averse to matrimonial Leagues,
But talk of *Assignations* and *Intrigues*.

Tell how *Melinda*'s smit with Love of you,
Or how *Clarissa* writes a *Billet-doux* :
Tell how you rifled wanton *Julia*'s Charms ;
How tender *Celia* fainted in your Arms ;

How

How grave *Prudetta* loves a Moonlight walk,
 Or *Coquetilla*'s wanton, am'rous Talk.
 To boast you've these Undone, you need not fear,
 She'll think them *Victims* sacrific'd to her :
 And judge the Ardor of your Passion more,
 By all the Conquests that you've gain'd before :
 Think some bewitching Charms the Man must grace,
 That can in ev'ry Breast secure a Place :
 She'll long to taste what causes such Alarms,
 And vainly think she has a Fund of Charms,
 To keep th'inconstant Hero in her Arms.

Thus you each female Heart may gain with ease,
 Affect their *Follies*, and you're sure to please.

I now have trac'd the self-admiring Sex,
 And diff'rent Ways by which Mankind they vex ;
 The diff'rent Ways they the same Passions raise,
 Their Charms, their Vices, and their love of Praise :
 The am'rous Rake I've furnish'd too with Arms
 To conquer, or resist such pow'rful Charms :
 Do not ye *Beaux* ! and *Rakes* ! my Rules despise,
 Conversing with the Sex, has made me *Wise*.
 I've been a Slave to Nymphs of ev'ry Strain,
 The Grave, the Gay, the Fickle, and the Vain.
 A long Experience tells me what is true,
 And Friendship bids me tell these Truths to you.

F I N I S.



